

Two Dollars a Year

50c. a Number

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 2789915 0

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE



PS
8273
C512
v.13:no.4
1950

Augustana

No. 4

SUMMER, 1950



EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTENSIS

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 13

No. 4 — Summer, 1950

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

ON THE HILL

A BOOK OF VERSE BY JOHN MASEFIELD

The English Poet Laureate's new volume displays his highest powers as a teller of tales in ballad or narrative poem. The variety is extraordinary, the achievement remarkable, in this collection of ballads, extravaganzas, sea ballads, and translations from the French, Spanish, and from the Iliad. At your bookseller's - - \$1.75

Macmillan

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture: It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters. Once again we are indebted to our friends, listed below, for encouragement and practical support and we thank them most gratefully.

The Editor and The Management Committee

Lady Eaton, Toronto
Lady Roddick, Montreal
Dorothy Henderson, Toronto
Jean Mutter, Victoria
Anne Moreland, Moose Jaw
J. S. McLean, Toronto
H. S. Southam, Ottawa
The Evening Citizen, Ottawa
E. G. Burton, Toronto
John Murray Gibbon, Montreal
A. E. Grauer, Vancouver
The Hamilton Spectator, Hamilton
Christine Henderson, Montreal

AUGUSTANA LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

CONTENTS

The Good Earth— <i>E. J. Pratt</i>	
The Death of Horned Owl— <i>Arthur S. Bourinot</i>	
Moment— <i>Anne Marriott</i>	
Poem— <i>N. McBeth</i>	
While Reading Poetry— <i>Doris Ferne</i>	
The Bride of Ailey— <i>Arthur Stringer</i>	
The Lane Changes— <i>Eleanor Glenn Wallis</i>	
The Loggers— <i>Mabel L. Payne</i>	
Day is not Old— <i>Theresa E. Thomson</i>	
Hunger— <i>Harriet C. Mayer</i>	
Lost— <i>Ted Roberts</i>	
Elegy— <i>Frederic Vanson</i>	
Marching Through Georgia— <i>Ella H. Eckel</i>	
The Song— <i>Verna Loveday Harden</i>	
The Harried Hare— <i>Goodridge MacDonald</i>	
Before the Concert— <i>Isobel McFadden</i>	
With The Beauty of that Hour— <i>Margaret Harvey Wilton</i>	
Withered the Leaf— <i>J. R. G. Adams</i>	
Growing Pains— <i>Thad Stem</i>	
The Secret— <i>Mona Thompson</i>	
Young Canadian— <i>J. R. G. Adams</i>	
Maternity— <i>Freda Newton Bunner</i>	
Black Maura— <i>Arthur Stringer</i>	
Ah, Where will you and I Go?— <i>Thomas H. Masson</i>	
Timing of Reason— <i>Alwyn Coristine</i>	
Shenandoah— <i>Philip Murray</i>	
Silence— <i>Jessie Drummond Boyd</i>	
Image of Melody— <i>Thomas H. Masson</i>	
Chlorophyll— <i>M. Eugenie Perry</i>	
To A Mexican Peon— <i>Florence E. Schill</i>	
Portrait After Browning— <i>Clare Shipman</i>	
The Last Spring— <i>Rona Murray</i>	
Silver Tabby— <i>Eleanor Glenn Wallis</i>	
Need My Heart Wait?— <i>Jennie F. Cowan</i>	
Lost Horizon— <i>Clara Bernhardt</i>	
The Drowning— <i>Fred Swayze</i>	
Longing— <i>Maridon Gordon Miller</i>	

	Page
Contributors	34
In Memoriam— <i>W. R. Benét</i>	35
Book Reviews.....	36
Books Received.....	40

CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE



Summer 1950

VOLUME 13

NUMBER 4

EDITOR - - - - - ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

P.O. Box 803, Postal Station B, Ottawa, Ontario

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - - - - - CHARLES BRUCE

MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE

Dr. J. Markowitz, M.B.E., J. Smyth Carter, A. B. Bennett

BUSINESS MANAGER

Mrs. Ethel Whyte, 7A Forest Hill Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario

THE GOOD EARTH

Let the mind rest awhile, lower the eyes,
Relieve the spirit of its Faustian clamor:
An atom holds more secrets than the skies;
Be patient with the earth and do not cram her.

With seed beyond the wisdom of her soil.
She knows the foot and hoof of man and ox,
She learned the variations of their toil—
The ploughshare's sensitivity to rocks.

Gather the stones for field and garden walls,
Build cellars for your vegetable stores,
Forego the architecture of your halls,
Until your hands have fashioned stable doors.

She likes the smell of nitrates from the stalls,
She hates a disciplined tread, the scorching roar
At the grain's roots: she is nervous at the calls
Of men in panic at a strike of ore.

Patient she is in her flesh servitude,
Tolerant to curry ticklings of the harrow,
But do not scratch past her agrarian mood
To cut the calcium in her bone and marrow.

Hold that synthetic seed, for underneath
Deep down she'll answer to your horticulture:
She has a way of germinating teeth
And yielding crops of carrion for the vulture.

E. J. Pratt

THE DEATH OF HORNE OWL (A LEGEND OF THE CREE INDIANS.)

And those who saw him said,
"Horned Owl is dead."
The wrinkled maker of great medicine
Had fled to the land of his fathers,
Dead on the floor of the tepee,
His drums and his bracelets about him,
Wrapped and rolled in his blanket,
Ready, equipped for his journey,
Wrinkled his face and dry and wrinkled his skin,
For the buffets and blows of the years
Had left their indelible trace,
The sweat and the fears of the chase,
The cold and the smoke of the tepee.

Old Horned Owl was dead;
No more medicine would he make,
No more wives would he take,
Old Horned Owl was dead,
Or so they said,

They who had watched him lie,
They who had watched him die,
Stretched on the floor of the tepee.
No more would he stand on the hill
And talk to his gods
And bear their answer to the council,
No more would the tribe
Thrill to the thrum, thrum, thrum,
And the throb of his drum,
No more would his skill
In the hunt
In the kill
Make round eyed
The young braves
Brandishing staves
To the hum, hum, hum, of the squaws,
The beat, beat, beat of shuffling feet
And the thrum, thrum, thrum,
The throb and the throb
Of his beating drum,
The throb of his beating drum.

Old Horned Owl was dead,
Or so they said
Who had watched him die
And cut the bark for him to lie
In his last long sleep.
But when they lifted him
And felt his feet
Before wrapping him in the bark
His old eyes opened from the dark
And shone in the light
From the lifted flap of the tepee,
And they who stood there
Could only stare,
Then started back

Made for the crack
And the lifted flap,
Made for the door of the tepee;
They fell on the floor
And rolled
And groaned,
They fell on the floor
And sobbed
And moaned,
Moaned on the floor of the tepee.

Then Horned Owl said,
Moving his head,
Lifting his hand,
"I've come from the land
Of the Spirit of the Dead;
Strange things I've seen,
Strange places I've been,
But my tongue must not stray,
No, my tongue must not say
Where I journeyed to day
In the far distant land of the Spirit."

And the tribe was dismayed,
The braves were afraid
That Horned Owl was dead
And what he had said
Was said with the voice of a spirit.

But he lived for a week,
His death was a freak,
And then came the first cold of winter,
And with it came death,
No sign of his breath
Or so said they who stood by him.
And the tribe was dismayed

The braves were afraid
Lest he might once more
Wake up on the floor
And speak with the voice of a spirit.

So they wrapped him in bark,
The night it was dark,
They bore him in quiet to his grave.
And they buried him deep
Stamped hard with their feet
The earth that was fill for his grave,
Then they watered it well,
The frost wove its spell
And Horned Owl was clamped in his grave.

Arthur S. Bourinot

MOMENT

Flattened leaves of lilies blot dark pond-water
scarlet-gold fish, murky-bright, tangle
in black weaving roots.
Storm-light is mottled, unearthly,
grass shines weird, too-green,
stiff spruces blue-green, grey-green,
cones of ash on the grey-red sky.

We sit on the pool's squared rim
storm-light over your hair
hard in your eyes.
I know this moment remembered with pain for ever,
taut as the straining air
until thunder's bursting decision and release.

Anne Marriott

POEM

Hold it not strange,
Incredible,
There is no state of joy
Settled and secure;
Lest in the heart's great feast
The traveller pause
Entranced then dulled,
With happy torpor seized,
While up where men once trod
The ridges of the world,
Reluctant march the empty
Caravans to God.

N. McBeth

WHILE READING POETRY

I am unsatisfied
stung by the brittle beauty
or soft langor of words
impinging on my mind:

Words, words of poets,
gathered in an age full blown,
half dead,
strung on a chain of daisies
or impaled on points of steel.

Words, on death, on love, on anything
stir me until my mind
grows restless, unsatisfied
until my hand holds a pen to add
more words
to those already said.

Doris Ferne

THE BRIDE OF AILEY

"You must not shut me in," she warned the man
Who led her through the little cottage door
That was to be her home. "You say that Time
Will tame me, like a linnet in a cage.
But I'm an island girl, and through me runs
An echo of green waves and racing tides,
And on a windy night the warmest bed
Could never hold me in. For times there are
When island women can endure no walls
And in the sea-cubbed heart there always sleeps
A touch of wildness. I'll be meek enough,
And, as the ashes whiten, sit and sew
My careful seams, and knit beside the lamp,
And bake my loaves and keep my kettles bright
And seek through toil to win a show of peace.

But when the breakers roar, or overhead
The wild geese honk, or when the curlews call
Across the windy kyles, the old unrest
Will whimper in my blood. Oh, when the Spring
Once more comes back, the thorn breaks into bloom,
This craziness will get the best of me.
Then I must go to where the sea-gulls scream
And hear the loud wind singing in my ears;
Then I must race with thundering waves and taste
The salt spray on my lips, and loose my hair
And climb lone cliffs and reach up through the night
And from the wide unfettered darkness snatch
A handful of the Milky Way to make
A scarf about my freedom-loving face.

So tame me if you must. But leave the door
Unlatched on nights when wild geese arrow by.
Oh, never shut me in. For through the heart,

The secret heart, of every woman sweeps
Some ghostly touch of wildness, and at times
Four walls can close about her like a tomb,
And the only roof she asks is wind and cloud
And the thunder of green waves about her feet."

Arthur Stringer

THE LANE CHANGES

Spring winds churn creamy daffodils to butter:
Buds of cherry and of apple open;
Hickories thicken into canopies.

When autumn comes gold drifts in such a shower
The curving banks are hidden until snowfall,
Or so it seems, an interval of rust
Followed by sere moves quickly into snow.
After a storm of sleet the crystal thicket
Shivers and tingles when a cardinal lights.

Grey squirrels, prick-eared cottontails, a chipmunk,
Are tree-top acrobats, flash powdered scuts
Or punctuate a fence with soundless grace-notes.

Here, not too long ago, the shepherd followed
His sheep to fold behind the setting sun
And cart-ruts deepened after autumn rains
But even earth is urban now and farms
Are miles away yet hickory survives
With creatures asking only trees and gardens.

Under the hillside though, a permanent note
Sings in the stony ripple of the run
That neither time nor man's device has altered.

Eleanor Glenn Wallis

THE LOGGERS

The Loggers came to our island—
The tall young men with wide shoulders
Under their faded shirts:
And with them came their 'Cat',
That wondrous powerful monster,
That ugly shaker of bones,
Leaving its cruel footprints
Along the sandy roads,
Climbing the rocky hills
And tearing the little trees
From the breast of the shuddering earth.

The Loggers came to our island,
The tall men, the strong men
With their axes and power saws:

Up on the quiet hillside
There was a whining and shrieking
As the saw tore through the tree flesh:
The tall firs groaned and the men
Shouted "Timber—Timber-r-r"
Then came the crash—nerve rending,
Agony—
And the great tree fell,
Tearing live branches, shaking
Its sisters and making the earth
To shudder—
As we listeners down in the valley.

The Loggers came to our island—
The tall men whose business
It was to shatter our silence,
Destroying the ancient beauty
Of wooded hillside and valley.

Lumber for export, and shelter
For men and their children,
Homes for the harried and homeless—
For these are the tall trees fallen
And the rocky slopes left desolate.

The Loggers have gone from our island
With their saws and their monstrous engines:
The ravaged woods are silent
And the logging trails untravelled;
Little green plants are upspringing
Between the chips and the boulders,
And the blackberry vines are reaching
Out from the desolation
To veil the logs discarded.

The Loggers have gone from our island
And peace has come back to the woods.

Mabel L. Payne

DAY IS NOT OLD

Day is not old when over roseate glow
the sombre scarf of night is softly flung;
Neither the Year, though from our calendar
the last twelfth page is torn.
Man is not old—though changed as morn
to evening, winter to spring—
who keens his mind on emery thought
and seeks the shorn
to visit, comforting.

Whom the gods love, in youth or age, die young!

Theresa E. Thomson

HUNGER

What will you feed us,
Down to skin and bones,
Syllables and systems,
Hatreds . . . STONES ?

A cup of cold water:
All we ask instead,
Words that pulse in any tongue:
My Mother, Father, Bread.

These in full measure: My Salt,
My Song . . . My Sod,
My Children in the doorway,
My Work, My Life, My God.

Harriet C. Mayer

LOST

Who has wandered in the forbidden forest?
Who has plucked the bloom of desire
And battled the brooding elfin clan
That guard the magic of the fire.

Stumbling, groping through polar cold paths,
Crashing through briars of eternal hate
Have you found the trembling bud of hope
That stands beside the eternal gate?

He found me 'neath the cloud hung tree.
He placed a hand beneath my head
And conjured up the fearful dream
That left one seeking in my stead.

Ted Roberts

ELEGY
(FOR GINETTE NEVEU)

To night a star fell,
O far the fall,
The dying fall of her losing:
To night the heart's bell,
O dark the bell
The crying bell of her mourning
Tolls.

And now we say Farewells, O long farewells
To the miraculous moving of her music,
The song she set
Against the tears and falling
Towers. Falling
A burning Icarus
On the hushed acres of the memory.

To night a star fell
O now no more
The dying fall of her song shall conjure us
Love's loss, heart's hurt, the grace of grief,
The finding
Heavenhigh, of our healing.

To night a star fell but her music lost
to we who stay to mourn, now in the spinning light
Shall she discover in the courts of heaven;
Hear past the turning seven
Stars of the Bear
Song we must wait to hear.

O bright the bell
Of all our saving and her earlier finding.

Frederic Vanson

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

I walked through Georgia to-day
And hanging on the fences gay

Were spreads of every shade and hue
And there were rugs and aprons too

All blowing madly in a gale
With signs awry; "For sale! For Sale!"

I thought;

"Pottery in Ohio,
The Carolinas too;
In Kentucky they will weave
Scarves and towels for you.

But—

In Georgia the artists
Are a jolly lot; you see
They hang their pictures on a fence
Or any handy tree."

To-day I walked in Georgia,
(O shades of Marching Men!)
The cottages have green roofs
And cotton blows again.

Ella H. Eckel

THE SONG

Always beyond hearing
In the mists of the morning
Was music,
Nearing, the long day.
Noon past, the sky clearing
It seemed the motes dancing
Might be the notes seen
Yet unheard.
(Andante, the length of a long bow
And steady, slow their climbing;
Pizzicato
Twitched from taut strings
And their feet rising with the lift
Of wings.)

No traveller questioned his brother
Do you hear?
Is it growing clear?
Though each knew the other listened.

Toward sundown, unspoken, the word
Almost was heard in the tops of trees
And the knees of the climbers trembled.
Then near,
O nearer on the mountain
Assembled the inexorable sound.
The song of their yearning the wind,
Turning, would carry to them,
The song that is sung once only
Then lonely the dark.

Verna Loveday Harden

THE HARRIED HARE

—And thus is man.

Harried across the wintry fields of life,
Seeking the safe warm shelter where is rest.

And always when

The familiar way is scented, and the chase
A moment slackens, and his laboring breath
Less labors, sensing that his home is near;
When the hound's call on dark horizon fades
And the grey huntsman slacks his fevered pace—
There in his path the trap, the snare, the noose
To mangle furry paw or strangle breath
From screaming throat, is set.

Or suddenly

Huntsman and hound are near again, and cold
The winter wind whines so all his fur
Keeps not the chill from heart and brain and bone;
And he must lope again through strange lost ways,
Through woods he knows not to the goal he knows
In some dark corner of his dim-lit mind.

The hunt is up;

The snare is set and all

His throat and muscle, lung and limb and heart
Ache with the fear and weariness of flight.

And if at last,

Fence-leaping, circling over snow and moss,
Over the rocks of broken pasture land
And frozen furrows of the farm's fall plowing,
Backtracking among trees, at night he comes
Alive, to the burrow under log or stone,
Eluding the last hunter, knowing

That the last hound has now been whistled home,
And snuggles into sleep—Then comes the stoat
Whose teeth slit to the jugular while he sleeps,
And all his little life is sucked away.

As the snow falls again upon the fields
And the wind cries across the frosted fields.

Goodridge MacDonald

BEFORE THE CONCERT

How still you are,
Listening!
Your hands quiet by the patterned keys
Your head bent to the invisible gates
Locking the uplands of music.
Only you will know when they open,
Know the incomparable flow and thunder of chords
before they are heard.

Your head lifts, your hands are hushed now.
Have the first notes rung from those limitless veldts,
Spaces that know not the tangle of tongues
Nor the hurt of indefinite words?

Now are you filled and bathed with a great splendour of sound,
Greater than we shall hear, than scores could interpret.
But in the lift of your head to the light
Your hands to the keys
Is the promise of lyrics lovelier than twilight waterfalls,
Concertos
Made of snow and wind and inextinguishable fire.

Isobel McFadden

WITH THE BEAUTY OF THAT HOUR

Thin smell of smoke from burning leaves
came around us as we crossed the bridge.
The early evening quiet had entered the ravine below.
From almost bare branches
a few coloured leaves hung motionless—
vestiges of loveliness now gone—
Over all stillness hovered.

Far off beyond the city's edge
the western sky
was washed with gold like candle flame,
and gold had spilled
along the slopes of towers and roofs.

I knew that deep within your heart
still glowed
some embers of a dying dream,
and that which you had builded through dark years,
was now gray ash
around your feet,
yet with the beauty of that hour
came a solace
that transcended lingering pain.

And ever when bronzed leaves hang few upon the oak;
when naked branches curve against a painted sky;
when darkness hides the guided beat of little wings
and silence lies upon the year,
the memory of that fleeting spell will surge
and your pale face will turn again to God.

Margaret Harvey Wilton

WITHERED THE LEAF

Withered the leaf in the wan soil covered,
Covered with concrete. No dew glistening
On mulatto furrows the earthworm sweetened;
No pale shoot times its elegant sunning
Lifting the saracen rock root-strong
And head in the heavens fingering the loam
Delicately.

But now, it's decided—in committee—
This factory site can be used—O gainfully
Turned into power, pylons akimbo . . .
And the vine will be zealously pruned, aye, destroyed
For the tendrils of steel and the multiple cogs
Of Moloch. Plantain and mallow will carpet
The corners, hoe never hampering. "Trespassers
Prosecuted." Withered, O, withered the leaf!

J. R. G. Adams

GROWING PAINS

The meadow flung her silken arm
Up the slope to grab at wildflowers and stars.
But winter hid behind the jagged rocks to crack
Her fingers with sledge hammers of wind and ice
And leave the naked bone for all to see.

And gray rain danced drunkenly from the forest,
An old woman in a tattered frock
Mocking all youth's lost dreams, stabbing
Bony fingers into the ghosts of leaves.

Thad Stem

THE SECRET

How dare you, crocus,
Push your purple head
Above the brown turf!
It is not spring—
At least, not with me
With me it is still winter and the winds are chill.

Yesterday you were not there,
But today you had the audacity
To poke your purple petals in my very path.
Pray tell me who gave you the power
To put on your brightest colors
When a cloud hangs over all the earth
And people talk of another war?

You annoy me terribly.
Who gave you such hope, such cheer in your heart?
Or is it a secret?

It is too much!
I will throw myself down to you
Down to the brown earth
And bury my face in the soil.
I will claw with my fingers at your roots
Until I have found with what you are connected.
Why not, silly little crocus?
How dare you assume
That you alone have the monopoly of such magic?

Mona Thompson

YOUNG CANADIAN

(An impression of Charles Comfort's painting)

Alone he waits, dominion in his eyes'
Dark depths; and darker still the stalwart hair
That locks his secret brow, or, musing where
He sits beholds the keys beyond the rise
Of sun. Will farm or mill or merchandise
Now measure time to stay his earnest stare
That leaves the pendant fingers unaware
But ready for the task of keen surmise?

Laurentian land, renewing youth with age
For him who waits, conserve now in the earth
The wealth of time, until the sands have run
Their limit. See, this sovereign heritage
Of every young Canadian holds the sun—
An atom-conscious geiger of the north.

J. R. G. Adams

MATERNITY

Out of a hideous night,—
 These soft wee hands;
Out of a blind grim fight,—
 These wide blue eyes;
Out of a moan, a cry,—
 This pink and white,
 This joy, this hope,
 This sweetness.
Such delight
Forgets to question why.

Freda Newton Bunner

BLACK MAURA

Wide-shouldered and rough as a Waterford ox,
With her muscled big arms like Fermanagh rocks,
She could swing her own scythe through an acre of grain
Or knee-deep in bog-wash cut turf with her slane.
She could carry a sick ewe in from the croft
And then sleep with her hens in her clabbersome loft.
She walked meagre of speech but, faith, when she spoke
You'd be backing away between brimstone and smoke.
She could mend her own thatch, put a ring in her sow,
And spade her own garden or wangle a plow.
She'd sit through the night with a littering pig
But for men, she kept saying, cared never a fig.
"If that woman should mate now," the whole parish said,
"God help the poor gasur she'll be taking to bed;
For the man who'd consate with a creature like that
Would be sleeping o' nights next a big tiger-cat!"

But the heart of a woman's a tangled up maze
And little we knew of that dour cailleach's ways,
For she's married and settled with meek Limping Mike,
That dreamy-eyed, never-stir, putty-kneed tyke
Who wouldn't once stir to be combing his hair
But broods by the ash on his three-pillowed chair
Where that woman we held to be harder than stone
Keeps him pampered and proud as a king on his throne!

Arthur Stringer

"AH, WHERE WILL YOU AND I GO?"

Ah, where will you and I go
when our wills cease,
and our senses, half forgotten, fumble;
unaware even of blackness?

Will there be one path
tediously follow and caress each pace?
will you walk there, wait there, silent
lady?

Can even the shadow of blackness
extinguish our candle? Still
will your hair scent and argue
with the winds of nothingness?

Ah, where will you and I go
when our wills cease,
will your hands, like those of the ocean
wash the sands of sorrow from my heart?

Thomas H. Masson

TIMING OF REASON

Just timelessness bides still,
Eternity moves on; ,
Whence Life, you always will,
Moved deeply, draw upon
The Everlasting—till
Dark cedes to Dawn.

The black Night of the grave
Is not an utter End;
Time, which Life motive gave,
Will not, listless, expend
Your Reason in a wave
Of froth, my friend.

Alwyn Coristine

SHENANDOAH

And there was Shenandoah at the bottom of the mountains,
A tiny toy city with its towers and its rooftops
Leaping in the sunlight like the colors of Marin,
Flung out before me, the landscape of a legend,
Quiet but throbbing with the heart-beat of the world.

And there was Shenandoah in the hillocks of the coal fields,
A priceless gold trumpet on the smutty velvet slag,
Ringing to the heavens with voices of the miners
Trapped in the darkness, aching for the starlight,
Digging for the moonlight, the glow-worm god.

And there was Shenandoah, the myth between the rock woods,
A small white banner in a patch of dirty rags
Waving in the windlight like a flag of staunch defiance
Flown against the elements, an enemy invading them,
Flooding them with darkness from the ever flowing mines.

And there was Shenandoah, vision in a wilderness,
A white clear fountain from the rockribbed whales
Spuming to horizons the water of eternity
Frozen for an instant in an arc of exultation;
Its many throated chapel-steeple snowing to the sun.

Philip Murray

SILENCE

Silence has fallen.
No slight sound of wind,
Of leaf, or bird intrudes.

Caught and shuttered
In silence like the impenetrable silence
Of the dead—
We who have ascended the heights together,
Have descended to this.

You watch me—palely expectant,
The thoughts that strive for utterance
Are muted like the notes
Of a wounded lark.
Pride has frustrated our lips,
The bitter moments span a lifetime.

The bridge has fallen,
Irrevocably lost—
The silence deepens.

Jessie Drummond Boyd

IMAGE OF MELODY

It rose outward only,
lightly startled and aflutter,
this white bird with dawn
gashed gold across its throat
and dew chilled on its wing.

Unfurling into silent flight
it clawed the sky
then slowly crumpled
like a pool bent shaft of moon
into my soul.

Thomas H. Masson

CHLOROPHYLL

Green is a word to you, oral or seen to mean
The vegetative tide the seasons' rhythm spills.
Splendid the rush of growth—sink down, drown
In the immensity of lemon, emerald, bronze.
Green is a word, a phrase, a chapter in a book;
And the book says:
'The primary response of plants to light
Creates green pigments known as chlorophyll.'
Chlorophyll—life, might!

Green that surrounds, adorns, and you receive as due;
Only the few, probing the everlasting cause, may pause,
See plant and bush and tree
With fanfare leaves, and weave their seeming fantasy.
Chlorophyll! Mind-listen—still, still—
And you may hear, distant or near, the organisms work;
Miracle factories creating food, as no man could;
And failing these, no life, human or animal or bird.
Green is a pregnant word!

M. Eugenie Perry

TO A MEXICAN PEON

Obsidian-eyed peon
What woes swim in their gentle deep
Or lurk 'neath the brim of your sombrero
As, curled in the sun,
You sleep?

In the black of the night
What grievances unuttered walk
Beside you, as, tall in your circling sarape
Through the lonely station
You stalk?

While we, through the window
Watch as your wares you hawk
And feel ourselves kind when we murmur "Poor peon"
But what have we there
But talk?

Florence E. Schill

PORTRAIT AFTER BROWNING

"That's my last duchess hanging on the wall."

I thought of Browning when I saw the place.
There was no painting, but a guarded grace
Lay like an old dream's charm upon it all;
A footstep echoed light across the hall,
The firelit curtains framed a vanished face;
I heard a chime the hours could not erase,
A word that trembled past the lips' recall.

He bowed me in. The linen's whiteness shone,
The glasses gleamed, the flowers their perfume wore
And, like a beautiful automaton,
A lady softly joined the room's decor;

His voice was smooth as silver, fork and knife
Used skillfully: "This is my second wife—"

Clare Shipman

THE LAST SPRING

How can I absorb and secrete
In memory
The too much beauty, the fleet
Singing glory
Of this last spring,
This final flowering?

To me gold of the crocus means more
Than mineral
Gold, and sleep-sticky leaves cure
Old pain. All
Day with ecstasy I go,
Watching the spring grow.

Sometimes silent all day long
I watch
May buds dance to the thrushes' song,
Or I snatch
At each hour with a frenzied lust—
Hours that turn senses to dust.

O, let me forever keep one leaf,
One living
Petal. Would death but leave me some brief,
Trifling
Token, I, gone hence, would remember
Spring's sudden splendour.

Rona Murray

SILVER TABBY

His pattern is symmetrical:
no break in the device
(teeth sharp for mice,
eyes slitted, green);

Black stripes, as of a zebra,
radiate from out of the slate-
grey shield above his nose:
five in number, those
converge in a broad line
along the spine to tip
of flexile tail,
braceletting rib
and thigh above
each (weaponed) paw in glove.

What balance here of line!

Perfection in design
is symbol of his love,
dog-like, exclusive, whole.
One argues from
caressive mitt and tongue
a (do not startle!) soul,
though fearing intimations
of a sprite less orthodox
may cloud this light.

Eleanor Glenn Wallis

NEED MY HEART WAIT?

A few hours, and this house will be as refreshing
As the spring; and my heart, when everything is done,
Will be light and dancing with the joy, which follows
All cleaning, polishing and bright'ning like the sun.

Need my heart wait for joy? The Royal Son is closer,
His pure Blood, sparkling clear, signalling to my heart,—
"Joy", "Peace", "Love", and "Friendship". But dare I let Him in?
Dare I let Him stand there until He might depart?

For I know that my heart's as crowded as this hall
Is filled with furniture which must be shifted soon.
Yet in truth, my heart feels more like the empty room.
If I should ask Him in, could we sit and commune?

I shall open the door, and He will surely see
Why I daren't ask my Lord for supper on this day.
Begone vain presumption! The Lord knows more of me,
More for me, than I could ever know, seem or say.

Jennie F. Cowan

LOST HORIZON

I am the poetry you did not read,
The song you failed to sing,
The music you did not play.

I am the sound
Of wind in the birches,
Of waves on an unknown shore.

I am the far country
You might have discovered,
Now lost forever.

I am the dream
You could have possessed,
The truth made tangible.

I am the lost horizon
Of your soul.

Clara Bernhardt

THE DROWNING

Gray green water surged and swept
Boiling and swirling under the ledge
Of waxen ice that it sullenly lipped,
Smoothing and blunting the jagged edge.

A crusted rim of crumbling slush
Grayly edged the widening stain
That girdled the ragged open wound
Star-fracturing the river plain.

Sighing, the tired wind stooped to the snow,
Slowly whirling a spiral that lifted,
Floated, a smoke-gray phantom, to go
Fading and thinning as it drifted.

The terrified child who was left alone,
Frightened by silence, wide of eye,
Turned from the river toward his home,
And as he ran began to cry.

Fred Swayze

LONGING

It is we the lost, we the lost who are
the voices crying out
in the wilderness of spirit, the fleeting terror of the night
and the desolation that is the day.

We who have caught that glimpse
of awful beauty which smites those who see
too far into the eyes of man . . .
seen the terrible remoteness of the chasm that lies
between the nearness of
the you who is you and what may be me.

Soul imprisoned in the animal brain
and peering through to find
its ownself mirrored in another's eyes
and crying to be free . . .
fearing most of all, most of all to be.

Come close beside me here:
that I may not seem for a time so lost . . .
lean to me till we touch—
till the barred windows of our eyes seem one . . .
and only light—only stars
—only space and all infinity—
all heaven and all hell—
will lie between.

Maridon Gordon Miller

Contributors

E. J. PRATT, C.M.G., ANNE MARRIOTT, ARTHUR S. BOURINOT, N. MCBETH, MARIDON GORDON MILLER, MABEL L. PAYNE, ARTHUR STRINGER, DORIS FERNE, ISOBEL MCFADDEN, VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN, THERESA E. THOMSON, J. R. G. ADAMS, THAD STEM, E. M. ENGLAND, CLARA BERNHARDT, GOODRIDGE MACDONALD, ALWYN CORISTINE, FRED A. NEWTON BUNNER, BLUEBELL S. PHILLIPS, CLARE SHIPMAN, M. EUGENIE PERRY, JESSIE DRUMMOND BOYD, MARGARET H. WILTON, ELLA H. ECKEL, have appeared in previous issues.

MONA THOMPSON—Calgary.

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS—Baltimore—Contributor to many leading American periodicals. Author of "Design for An Arras."

RONA MURRAY—Victoria.

TED ROBERTS—Memphis.

FREDERIC VANSON—Derby, England. Editor of "Gemini".

THOMAS H. MASSON—London, Ontario—Work has appeared in Saturday Night, Milestone. On the editorial staff of The London Free Press.

FLORENCE E. SCHILL—Toronto.

PHILIP MURRAY—Harrisburg, Pa.—Contributor to "Here & Now", Sewanee Review, New Mexico Quarterly, Epoch, etc.

JENNIE F. COWAN—Galt, Ontario.

HARRIET C. MAYER—Victoria.

FRED SWAYZE—Ottawa—Director of the English and History Departments, Ottawa Technical School—Editor of the Revised Edition of "The Voice of Canada".

A. WILBUR STEVENS—Seattle, Washington—Editor of "Interim".

— In Memoriam —

William Rose Benét

We record with sorrow and regret the passing of the American poet and editor, Mr. William Rose Benét. He was a Pulitzer Prize winner and a contributing editor to The Saturday Review of Literature. His poems appeared in many periodicals and were widely reprinted and read. His interests were broad and he was always eager and willing to give a lift to causes that he considered worth while. We are proud to remember that he contributed a poem to the Fall, 1949, issue of this Magazine. His going is a loss to Literature generally.

A.S.B.

Book Reviews

DURABLE FIRE—Joseph Joel Keith—The Decker Press—Prairie City, Illinois—77 pages; \$2.00.

This is Mr. Keith's sixth volume of verse. He is a southern Californian making his home in Los Angeles, a frequent contributor to leading periodicals, one of the Editors of "Poetry Awards", a columnist and reviewer who promotes the writing and appreciation of contemporary poetry.

The well known American critic, Richard Armour, has this to say of the work;—"The title of this volume, which comes from an anonymous sixteenth century poem, is appropriate, for here is the fire of love and understanding which is as durable as humanity—Keith is always simple and direct. The simplicity is neither bare nor barren—it is the simplicity of seeing, as by an unearthly light, the basic truths of life—the test of a poem is the frequency and freshness of its figures and speech—Keith's poetry passes the test with the highest grade."

A few of the magazines in which these poems have appeared will give some idea of the poet's catholicity of acceptance.—The American Mercury—The Christian Science Monitor—New York Herald Tribune—Saturday Review of Literature—The Poetry Chap-Book—Canadian Poetry Magazine—Voices—Wings—Outposts, and many others.

According to the great French writer André Gide, "The Poet's gift, is the gift of perpetual discovery." Mr. Keith is a perpetual discoverer. He returns from his travels always with something fresh, something new, and he tells of it as only an explorer can in a forthright compelling way that is full of the narrator's personality. In other words the writer possesses style which the late Walter Raleigh in his classic monograph on the subject described in the following beautiful analogy;—"The idea to be expressed is a kind of mutual recognition between thought and language which here meet and claim each other for the first time, just as in the first glance exchanged by lovers, the unborn child opens its eyes on the world and pleads for life."

Here is a good example of Mr. Keith's work:—

DEATH OF THE OLD MAN

"Peace has settled like a warm cat in the lap.
The old man's gone and there is no complaint,
no old fist pounding, no loud voice shouting doom,
making a battlefield of the peaceful room.
Now every sound is a sound of mute and saint."

We will look forward to further books by Mr. Keith.

Arthur S. Bourinot

THE RED HEART—James Reaney—McClelland Stewart—1949—73 pages;
\$2.50—(Indian File-3)

This is number three in the Indian File Books. The purpose of the series is to present the work of some of our best writers. Particular consideration has been given to their design, the production being under the direction of Mr. Paul Arthur who has gone to the decorative material of the West Coast and Plains Indians for the patterns. This book, like the others, is an excellent example of craftsmanship externally and internally.

The poems are written in modern rhythm which at times is most pleasing but occasionally a little monotonous. The meaning is always clear for which the poet is to be congratulated! There is a very youthful approach to life exemplified in these verses. The viewpoint is most refreshing and yet infrequently rather reminiscent. It is full of phrases from childhood, nursery rhymes and stories. For example some phrases culled at random;—"forever see-saw—My Marjorie Daw—Katzenjammer Kids—Whither do you wander?—Farmer in the Dell—Eenie, Meenie, Mine, Moe." At least such allusions are preferable to the "high brow" and foreign references dragged in so often by some modern poets! Underneath it all, binding the work securely together is a vein of iron.

The poet possesses a sense of humour, a most unusual and enviable attribute. One can almost hear him chuckling to himself puckishly over the effect of some line or word. This, however, is sometimes carried to extremes by the use of such phrases as "tee hee", etc. Clouds fascinate him as witness two poems on the subject and numerous references in other poems; also apparently "coffins" for two poems treat of this rather gruesome topic.

There are some excellent lines and phrases that are eminently quotable;—

"That it will bring bough
Tree and the fences of my bones
Down to a grave in the forest
Of my still upright fellows."

"I saw the sundogs barking
On either side of the Sun
As he was making his usual will
And last testament
In a glorious vestment."

"It has always been that lust
Has always rhymed with dust."

There is some splendid satire in this collection, sometimes a little crude but always uninhibited. Snobbery is pilloried in "The Royal Visit"; sex appeal and sex in "The Beauty of Miss Beatty" and "The Orphanage". There are many other poems in a similar vein.

W. H. Auden once said—"A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language—Whether this love is a sign of his poetic gift or the gift itself—I don't know, but it is certainly the sign by which one recognizes whether a young man is potentially a poet or not." That, it is suggested, is an excellent criterion from which to judge a writer; and this reviewer would say that Mr. Reaney fully qualifies. It is an interesting and rewarding collection.

Arthur S. Bourinot

BAUDELAIRE, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Norfolk, Conn., U.S.A.: New Directions. 192 pages; \$1.50. Translated by Martin Turnell.

"The essential thing is that he worshipped 'life', but a life in chains, restrained, fingered, and that this impure love like a flower of evil came to birth on the humus of horror."

BAUDELAIRE—Page 78

This is not a book on the poetry of Baudelaire (except coincidentally), but a brilliant attempt to use certain dialectical and psychoanalytic tools, and bring Baudelaire under the scrutiny of Existentialist ethics. (I use the final word guardedly.) However, through the screen of a rather irritatingly concentric style, one does not detect a real Baudelaire moving through the pages, his *malaise* a vital historical fact, but rather a dramatized special case, reminiscent of the protagonist of *THE AGE OF REASON* or the three shell-like souls of *NO EXIT*. Baudelaire's is Sartre's Baudelaire, and within that limited arena, the revelations of M. Sartre are luminous and exciting.

M. Sartre analyzes carefully Baudelaire's treatment of Evil—a consciously created force, which was fused with meticulous malignity into both the poetry and the core of daily living. "It must be clearly understood that it was not a question of picking forbidden fruits *although* they were forbidden, but of picking them *because* they were forbidden." Or again, "To do Evil for Evil's sake means that you do exactly the opposite of what you continue to recognize as Good." (Page 71.) Thus, paradoxically, Good receives "tribute". Interpellations of this theme comprise a good portion of the book. From this proposition emerged Baudelaire's creative plan—his aesthetic. Along with it emerged the physical and intellectual voyeurism, which caused his "gradual suicide".

M. Sartre's pattern then becomes slick and inevitable. Dandyism and "cityness" become loud prerogatives. An interest in Nature is anathema. As Baudelaire wrote to F. Desnoyer in 1855: "But you know perfectly well that I am incapable of getting worked up over plants, and that my whole soul rebels against this peculiar new religion which to my mind will always have something inexpressibly shocking about it for the spiritual being. I shall never believe that *the soul of the god inhabits plant-life*, and even if it did, I shouldn't worry much about it. I should consider my own soul of far more value than the soul of sanctified vegetables."

The author reasserts his own familiar statements on existence and being, seeing Baudelaire as a man who dressed his feelings, as if before a mirror, and then made the feelings (the poems) which he had created appear "like strangers to him". "He wanted to be his own poem to himself, and that was the game he played on himself. No one had had a profounder experience of the insoluble contradiction inherent in creative activity." Existence has become the grinning mask of creation taunting the poet from its enclosure. Being has become the poet himself, aspiring through a sick victory to catch what Baudelaire believed to be "a glimpse of the splendors which lie on the other side of the grave."

M. Sartre has given us a harrowing comment on the workings of the modern vision. However, the young poet should read *Fleurs du Mal* first.

A. Wilber Stevens

AFTER THE BOMBING and other short poems, Edmund Blunden. Macmillan and Company Limited, 1949. 51 pages; \$1.35.

Edmund Blunden was included in a group of contemporary English poets of whom critic Michael Roberts wrote, "All . . . seem to me to have written good poems without having been compelled to make any notable development of poetic technique." There is certainly nothing revolutionary in the technique shown in Mr. Blunden's new volume, and it will appeal most to those who like their poetry simple in form, usually rhymed, and with the meaning easy to grasp at first reading.

"After the Bombing" will also appeal particularly to those who like the simple lyric in praise of the beauties of the English countryside. The small joys of such things as "newborn white anemones Among old Medway's willow trees", "kingfisher, Than stained glass brighter, all his bravery on", the ivy-bush in autumn or the spinning dance of four butterflies in the sun are applauded in modest, sincere stanzas.

In the poem, "Station Road" the author states the philosophy we have already suspected, "by such small things we passers-by Make our own speed and greenness, or we die", and adds emphasis in "Southern England" in 1944",

"That brown patch in the wood is where the last bomb shattered,
And next year's bluebells wait to show how much it mattered".

The countryside is the topic of many of these poems, but other subjects also inspire the lyricist. Verses on Japan remind us that Edmund Blunden was once Professor of English Literature at the University of Tokio. Among several poems on or related to notable poets of the past we find tributes to Byron and Wilde. A different type of hero commemorated is the English cricketer Hammond, star of "our most beautiful and subtle game".

Best and most moving in the collection is a short two-part lyric entitled "Two Small Elegies", which are "The Hedgehog Killed on the Road", and "The Snail",

"A child's eye drooped, so gleamed the ring-bright shell,
And then the time was up, the thing occurred;
Softly the huge car stopped, with wheel as still
As that slain mystery, hardly discernible."

Anne Marriott

SASKATCHEWAN POETRY BOOK, 1949-50. Treasurer, Miss Vesta Pickel, 2514-A 15th Ave., Regina. 40 pages; 40c.

That hardy perennial of the Saskatchewan Poetry Society has made its annual fair-day complete with prairie pastoral on the cover and prairie counterpoint within. It is its fourteenth venture and I know of no better way of spending forty cents for forty pages of Canadian verse. Of special mention for its Indian lore and dramatic interest is Dorothy Morrison's "Brown Owls Talking", and Nina Berg's "A Hand to Hold", is a lyric of fetching beauty:

"Trudging along beside me
Two footsteps to my one—
His hand in mine to guide me
Gallantly goes my son."

Thirty-nine

They live close to the soil, these Westerners. Work and weather and wood-winds seem to be part of their poetic conscience, simplicity at its best, as in Enid Pickel's "Bread"—"The prairie freight Pulls heavily east at noon."

Henry Condie, "We'll Go No More to the Woods", strikes an implicit mood of authentic sincerity.

J. R. G. Adams

A BOOK OF VERSE by F. W. Robins. Richmond Hill Printing Works, Ltd., Yelverton Road, Bournemouth. Cloth, 76 pages.

This unpretentious volume of traditional verse of many moods and varied forms sings of an ancient optimism too often missing in modern writing. The author has tried to capture the atmosphere of his many visitings at home and abroad. His resistance to the modern manner is resolute to the point of monotony but one delightful dramatic lyric has all the charm of Thomas Moore,—*"On An Irish Road"*—

"A stranger was plodding an Irish road,
(Sure, an' 'twas me that was roamin')
'Twas weary he was, for the day was spent
And the Kerry cows were homin'."

INTERIM, by Clara Catherine Prince. The Kenyon Press, Wauwatosa, Wis. Cloth, \$2.50. 57 pages.

The founder and editor of the American Poetry Magazine sponsored by the American Literary Association has issued her first volume, a beautifully printed selection of lyrics from some thirty years of writing. These are poems for the people, a confessional that will find response in varied minds of varying tastes, traditional yet modern without being modernistic. There is music, word melody and a directness of diction that makes happy reading.

"Come, swallows, sing for me your April lay.
Come, willow buds, burst forth in vivid green.
Send me a broom of hazel, brush away
The cobwebs in my mind, and make me gay."

J. R. G. Adams

Books Received

IN FEALTY TO APOLLO—The Fine Editions Press—New York—64 pages; \$2.50—Edited and compiled by Gustave Davidson—A recapitulation of The Poetry Society of America's 40 years of service and achievement—An excellent and interesting work.

BEGGAR MAKES MUSIC—Goodridge MacDonald—Ryerson Poetry Chap-Book—138—Eleven pages.

TIME IS THE MEASURE—M. E. Drew—Carillon Poetry Chap-Book—26 pages; \$1.00.

THE IRON HARVEST—Geoffrey Johnson-Williams and Norgate Ltd.—London—46 pages; 6s.

ALBERTA POETRY YEAR BOOK—1949-50—Edmonton Branch C.A.A.

THEORY OF SILENCE—William Pillen-George Yamada—Los Angeles—A beautiful example of the bookmakers craft.



Distinguished Poetry, Beautifully Produced

INVITATION TO MOOD

By Carol Coates. "Her varied experience of life is reflected with fine poetic realism in seven different moods, hence the title."—V. B. Rhodenizer in *The Dalhousie Review*. \$2.25.

SPIRIT OF ISRAEL AND OTHER POEMS

By Hyman Edelstein. A collection of new verse together with the best of the author's previously-published work. \$3.00.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF RAYMOND KNISTER

With a memoir by Dorothy Livesay. "Knister caught imperishably in his poems the Canadian farm scene, especially of old Ontario."—Burns Martin in *The Dalhousie Review*. \$2.50.

WORDS ON A PAGE AND OTHER POEMS

By Doris Hedges. "Mrs. Hedges thinks deeply, feels keenly and has the power of vivid expression."—*Vancouver Province*. \$2.00.

THE ROCKING CHAIR AND OTHER POEMS

By A. M. Klein. Winner of the Governor-General's Award. "The appearance of... THE ROCKING CHAIR is an event of prime importance in Canadian letters."—L. A. MacKay in *Saturday Night*. \$2.25.

ALL FOOLS' DAY AND OTHER POEMS

By Audrey Alexandra Brown. The latest collection of poetry by a leading Canadian poet, a former winner of the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Canada. \$2.25.

THE STRAIT OF ANIAN

By Earle Birney. "Establishes him as beyond doubt one of the finest poets Canada has produced."—Ralph Gustafson in *The Canadian Forum*. \$2.50.

Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books, 1950

BEGGAR MAKES MUSIC, by Goodridge MacDonald (C-B 138)..... \$1.00
TANAGER FEATHER, by Kathryn Munro Tupper (C-B 139)..... 1.00

The Ryerson Press



Publishers, Toronto